Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

PENSER A MOI!

Penser a Moi! when sad and lone,
My eyes are bathed in tears unbid,
And echo swells in sweetest tone,
Penser a Moi! the parting word.

And if perchance, my fate should rove
To hallowed scenes of early joy,
The murm'ring of the woods, and grove,
Seems to say, Penser a Moi!

Penser a Moi! how sad, yet dear,
The gentle words fell on my heart,
The beaming feature, the auburn hair,
The ashy cheek—and we must part.

Penser a Moi! it bid me wake
The memory of the sainted hours,
When thro' the woods, and tangled brake,
We wander'd by' and blossom'd flowers.

The music of the murm'ring stream,
That kiss'd our weary, wand'ring feet—
The feather'd songsters in the bower,
Our rudely chiss'el'd rocky seat.

How often memory loves to trace
The hour, and spot, and ev'ry story,
When gazing on each other's face,
We've fondly said, Penser a Moi!

Penser a Moi! that word should roll,
Remembrance still shall gently coat
Her shadow o'er my trusting soul,
And brighten all the past.

The past—yes, on the past I'll live,
Those early scenes of purest joy,—
That oncg, a present, dear delight,
And then awake, Penser a Moi! LILIA.

The Book of Nature.

The September number of this work, being the third of the second volume, has just been published. It contains ten highly finished engravings, embracing a great variety of interesting subjects, viz. the mole, shells, vermes, &c. in all not less than sixty specimens, many of which are of a rare and deeply interesting character. Appropriate descriptions, evidencing much ability and research, accompany and illustrate each figure. The annexed paragraphs are extracts.

BRAZILIAN WEASEL.

The length of this animal, when not extended seven inches from the nose to the tail, which is only two inches and a half long, is about the size of a rat; but the animal is little more than two inches and a half; so that its length is nearly four times its height. The usual colour of the fur is a dark brown, but black on the back, sides, and legs; the throat and belly are white; on each side, under the shoulder of the same size as a brown spot; its ears are small and rounded; and its eyes small, black, and sparkling; it has long whiskers, like a cat; and its teeth are exceeding sharp, so that it bites with great keenness.

The weasel is a very active animal, and common in all parts of Britain; and, being of a fierce and bold disposition, is very destructive to poultry, and to rats, mice, and warrens. It devours eggs with much voracity. In this operation, it makes a small hole at the end of the egg, and sucks the contents out, leaving the shell entire: whereas, a rat usually drags the egg from the nest, and either breaks it to pieces, or makes a large hole in it; from which circumstance, the farmer may readily distinguish which of the two is the predator.

Although the weasel is but a slender animal, yet it is more than a match for the largest rat, to which species he is a mortal enemy, and frequently proves extremely useful to the farmer, in ridding his stack-yards and barns of these destructive vermin, as well as mice; to which account its company is often courted by the farmer. It is more active than the cat, and, in pursuing rats, for, from the slenderness of its body, it can pursue into their holes, which they are never killed. It is a destructive enemy to pigeons, as it creeps into the holes of a dovecot in the evening, and surprises its prey while at roost. Rats, which are a very peculiar construction of its body, there are few situations it is incapable of creeping into, but it was formed to almost perpendicular walls.

The weasel is of a most intractable nature, being exceedingly cautious to bite. When kept in a cage, it seems in a perpetual state of agitation, and is never at the sight of a man who approach to look at it, and generally endeavors to hide itself behind the straw, or other substances which may be at the bottom of the cage. These are, however, instances on record of this animal having been tamed to a certain degree.

The Weasel and Eagle.—An eagle having seized a weasel, mounted into the air with it; its prey, and was about to devour it, to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness. Its little enemy had extricated itself so far, as to be able to bite the eagle in the throat, and, as it is possible that, however it may have attacked, it brought the eagle to the ground; and that it was rescued by the interposition of passing.

Supernatural Attack.—In January, 1819, a labourer in the parish of Ashreigney, Dunsbrooke, was suddenly attacked by an weasle, which rushed upon him from the old dyke, in the field in which he was at work. The man, alarmed at such a furious onset, instantly struck himself to the ground, in the hope that the beast would pursued; and, although he had about him a large horn-knife, which he endeavoured to use, several back-handed strokes, to stop the fury, so eager was the pursuit, that he was on the point of being seized by the throat, when he luckily noticed at some distance the fallen branch of a tree, which he made for, and, having hastily collected a number of dead sticks for his surmount, and, so fortune favours the brave, he had such success, that he killed the beast, and the rest of the remaining three to flight. The reader may have some idea of the man's danger, when it is known, that two of them are larger than a cat.

United Defence.—On the summer evening, about eight years ago, a gentleman was walking in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, by the Dalkeith road. He observed, on the opposite side of a considerable distance, between him and Craigmillar Castle, a man, who was leaping about, performing a number of antic gestures, most of which he could not distinguish at that time. After contemplating this apparently absurd conduct, for a few minutes, he crossed the road to the unfortunate maniac, and, climbing over the wall, made directly towards him. As he approached the man, he perceived that the man had been attacked, and was defending himself against the assaults of a number of small animals which he, at first sight, took to be rats, which, in fact, turned out, on getting closer, to be a colony of Rabbits. On coming to the scene of action, the unfortunate man was leaping from him, and endeavouring to keep them at a distance with his feet, in the combat, and, having a stick, continued to hit several of them, and laid them lifeless. Seeing that the animals became unmindful of the man, he made towards a rock hard by, and disappeared in its fissures. The gentleman was fairly out of breath with the fatigue of exhaustion, having been engaged in his struggle with the wretched as far as he could guess, about twenty minutes: and, but for the fortunate and timely assistance of my father, he said he must have inevitably fallen a victim to their fury; for they were quickly losing strength, from the violence of his exertions. His next object was to extricate himself by leaping from this his threat, to which they seemed instinctively to direct their course. In this he succeeded, otherwise he must have sunk under their ferocity. He had escaped two to death, while leaping them from him. His hands were much bitten, and were streaming with blood from the wounds.

The gentleman he gave of the commencement of the affray was, that he was walking quietly through the park, when he observed a rabbit sitting on its hind legs, and made several unsuccessful attempts to strike it with a small rattan he had in his hand—in coming near the rock above mentioned, he was attacked by the animal, and thus cut off his retreat; the wound he received about his arm and shoulder was of a very formidable character.

THE CIVET.

The length of the civet, from the nose to the insertion of the tail, is somewhat more than two feet; its tail is upwards of a foot long. The colour of its fur is ash gray, its back and legs blackish or dusky spots; the tail is of a coarse white, and, on the back, stands some what erect, like a hunter; the body is rather thick, the forehead broad, the muzzle sharp and black at the tip; there are three black stripes which pass from the back of the head to the middle of the shoulders and throat.

The civet is a noble for the drug, or perfume, procured from it, called civet, having a strong resemblance to musk, with which it has been frequently adulterated. Its odour, however, is considerably different, and its medical properties also somewhat dissimilar. Although the animal is a native of Africa and Asia, yet it lives in temperate countries, and multiplies and thrives there as well. The purpose of collecting this very costly perfume. It is procured at Amsterdam, a rose-leaf paste valuable than that got from the Levant or India, being free from adulteration; its are age value is about fifty shillings an ounce; but, like other things, liable to a fluctuation in price. To collect civet, the animal is put into a cage no narrow, however, as to cramp it; the cage is then opened at one end, the creature is pulled back by the tail, and securely held by the hind legs—A small spatula is then introduced into the pouch containing the perfume, which is carefully scraped out, and put into a bottle properly stopped. This opera tion is performed two or three times a week. In a state of nature, the animal empties the bag of this secretion spontaneously.

The perfume of the civet is so strong that it infects every part of the animal, and even entirely penetrates with it are the skin and hair, that they retain its odour long after being removed from the body. If the animal be irritated, the scent becomes very powerful; and even in ordinary, it cannot be kept long in a room, without being disagreeable to most persons.

In a native state, the civet feeds on birds and small animals. It is naturally savage and ferocious, and cannot be tamed and when so, its food consists principally of fresh flesh, eggs, rice, and fish as are especially enjoyed by it. It requires but little drink.

The civet is possessed of great agility, leaps with all the nimbleness of a cat; and, like that animal, hides its prey by pouncing upon it. It has been frequently known to carry off poultry from the farm-yard. The voice of the civet is stronger than that of a cat, resembling the cry of an irritated child. It is a prolific animal in its wild state, and breeds in captivity.

THE RUFF.

A most variable species in length about eleven inches and a half: in the summer the male has not face naked, and covered with warts; his occiput adorned with long feathers, and his throat with a large tuft composed of beautiful feathers: these feathers, and those on the occiput, are usually contrasted with the colours of the rest of the plumage, being generally variated with red, nale-colour, black, brown, white, and yellow: the frill and other facial feathers are also subject to infinite variations of colour: the beak is orange-yellow: the warts on the face are yellow or reddish, and the feathers of the frill vary in length, according to the age of the bird. The female is smaller, and is destitute of the long plumose feathers on the occiput and throat; the upper parts of the body are brown ash, varied with dusky: the breast is dusky, the under part a steel lustre: the throat and the breast the same, but brighter: the belly and vent white: the beak black: the legs yellowish or greenish. The autumnal and winter plumage is as follows: the face becomes cloth-ed with feathers, and the warts, and the naked beak disappear: the throat short: the throat, fore part of the neck, belly, and the hind part of the thighs pure white: the breast is reddish, spotted with brown; the plumage of the upper parts is much commonly brown, varied with black spots and edged with reddish: the wings are brown, the feathers edged: the tail middle tail-feathers are rayed with brown, black, and the beak is brownish: the legs are yellowish, varied with red: the female is smaller, and the colours brown. The female, at these periods, is about one-third less, and her plumage is much variegated: the fore part of the neck is rarely pure white: the beak is black, and the legs are dusky.

The young greatly resemble the females, but the colours on the fore part of the neck and on the breast are more pure: the feathers on the upper part of the back, the scapulars, and the greater wing-coverts are bordered with reddish-white, as with the female adult: the lesser wing-coverts are edged with reddish-white: the beak is brown: the legs are pale white: the beak is black: the legs are greenish.

The male only of this pugnacious bird is called the *Ruff*, the female being denominated the *Reeve*. The most remarkable circumstance attending the history of this species is the general assemblage of the male in the spring, when they are made aware of the approach of the day, from a wish to have beheld it from a longer period, but now, left that the raging of the wild beasts of the forest should be at an end, and that every thing that is terrible in nature should be hushed in silence, they resume their circles and become pacific. In confinement, they do not lose their pugnacious disposition; even when supplied with food, and boiled wheat, is set before them, it is instantly contended for, and they evince more of the mind of plenty, if several dishes of food were not placed among them, for the quarrels would be very much increased. Observe of some that he kept in confinement, that the males paid no attention to the reeves, except to drive them from the food, and that they were strangers to them with any other species, but would lead out of the same dish: and that they would fight with any other bird put among them, in perfect amity.

The male is naturally extremely ass n most delicious dish, and are sought after with great eagerness by the fowler, on account of their excellency. Before they are offered for sale, they are generally put up to fatten, for about a fortnight, and are, during that time, fed in the same way as the fowl and duck, and matted as is supposed; by this mode of treatment, they speedily become very fat, and are in high esteem at the table, as they are dressed after the same manner as the woodcock.

They are birds of passage; and arrive in the fens of Lincolnshire, the Isle of Ely, and the East Riding of Yorkshire, in the beginning of April, and make their departure in the beginning of May, the female leaves her nest on a hillock, in the marshes, and lays four eggs, of a dusky or coarse grass; she lays four eggs, greatly resembling those of the pheasant, but smaller, and of a greenish white, marked with rusty specs. After the young are produced, and the autumnal arrives, both sexes leave the marshes, and resort to the sea-shore and marshland. During the summer season, they are common in the fens of Lincolnshire, and the Isle of Ely, and are also found in other more northern regions, even as far as Iceland; they are also found in Siberia, and are in extensive numbers of Holland. They feed on worms and aquatic insects.

LONG-LEGGED PLOVER.

Whom has given some very interesting notices in his American Ornithology, relative to the manners, &c. &c. of this bird, but he has hardly called the beauty of its plumage as he did possess that valuable work.—"Arrives," says he, "on the coast of New Jersey, about the 25th of April, in small detached flocks, of twenty or thirty together, and frequents the sandy sea-shore in search of its insect prey, but rarely happens that a pair is found solitary, as, during the breeding season, they are collected in a small company, and, after their first arrival, and indeed during the whole of their breeding time, they keep high up towards the land, they are seldom seen on the sea-beach, but in the marshes, or on the meadows, particularly after the tide has overflowed by the tide during the summer. These pools or ponds are generally or shallow, that, with their long legs, they can wade to a great distance in search of their food, which consists of small fish, worms, insects, and various other substances, the whole weighing between six and three pounds. Their flight is rapid, and they are able to run fast, after the female begins sitting, is commonly found some or other of the island in the marshes. The eggs are four in number, of a dark-brownish clay colour, thickly marked with large blotches of black. These nests are often placed within a few yards of each other, but the greatest harmony seems to prevail among the proprietors. While the females are sitting, the males are either walking about through the pools, or flying over the adjoining marshes; but should a person make his appearance, the whole collect together in the air, flying with their long legs extended behind them, keeping up a continual jingling noise of the kind of the flight, and, at the same time, making a variety of the most singular gestures, but evidently of equal pleasure. And should any of the young be found, the whole of the marshes, pretty high up towards the land, they are then to be seen in the greatest confusion, but no one shake of the hand, though not without fear, as he whispered to us, that by it the young lying still as before. This is followed by the old ones, if I cannot help it, however, where are you to be found? I am sure I could not take one to find them, I know the nature of the bird too well."

Set out two hats a value on yo r own shillies—but be falsely w ser, falser than wax at noon.

Sketches of Society in Great Britain and Ireland.

By S. C. Stewart, M. A. of the U. S. Author of "A Visit to the South Seas," &c. &c.

Of this work we felt disposed to speak in language of unqualified approbation on the appearance, but we are compelled to say that the philosopher mind will find little to entertain it. Mr. Steward, however, has composed for the light reading genius a very entertaining and agreeable book,—a full of adventure, light description, and pleasant, narrative. We regret that he has not entered more deeply into the philosophy of the manners and customs of the people he has met with over his pages, when we see that his work reflects only the surface of things.

Mr. Stewart however is a very pleasing writer, his work abounds with entertaining anecdote, and ringing incident.

His description of places are graphic and picturesque, and his delineations of manners are upon the whole, pleasing.

His mind appears to be imbued with a deep sense of piety, and if in the composition of his work, he has sometimes indulged in remarks of the past, he has made ample amends by detailing the monastic ceremonies of the rich. In a word, it is an agreeable and instructive book, and will richly reward the reader for the personal. The following passage respecting the Giant's Cause way, that phenomenon of Ireland, cannot fail to interest many of our readers.

Our guides led us, first, over a high pasture ground inland from the cliffs, to a section of them called the Pleaskin, which is one of the most picturesque of the Causeway. The view here, looking westward from the edge of the cliff, is over a sheer fall of four hundred feet, in exceedingly striking—appearing to us, as gazed upon it from the top of the cliff, as if the long, shelving eddies threatened to bar us irresistibly into the booming ocean below, one of the most sublime pictures we have ever looked upon. We then turned from this point, in returning to the west again, we descended to an almost perpendicular path to the level of the sea, in order to reach the Causeway itself.

The first object we met with, as we here gained, has been well compared to that of "an unfinished and massive pier, the stones for the completion of which, regularly hewn, are piled in order along the edge of the work, from some cause, has long been suspended." This distant view, however, is at a great degree, of disappointment; but of a disappointment which at every step we take, we are compelled to confess the whole most striking appearances of an artificial arrangement presented on every hand, filled with admiration and astonishment. Nor can we conceive how it is possible to be one of the most unskilfulest and most wonderful works of human workmanship that was ever seen. The standing upon it in the midst of "the whirlwind and the storm," we had regretted the tempestuous character of the day, from a wish to have beheld it from a longer period, but now, left that the raging of the wild beasts of the forest should be at an end, and that every thing that is terrible in nature should be hushed in silence, they resume their circles and become pacific. In confinement, they do not lose their pugnacious disposition; even when supplied with food, and boiled wheat, is set before them, it is instantly contended for, and they evince more of the mind of plenty, if several dishes of food were not placed among them, for the quarrels would be very much increased. Observe of some that he kept in confinement, that the males paid no attention to the reeves, except to drive them from the food, and that they were strangers to them with any other species, but would lead out of the same dish: and that they would fight with any other bird put among them, in perfect amity.

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Hogg's Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott, with a Sketch of the Life of the Author.

BY A FRIEND AND BROTHER SCOTCHMAN.

Harper & Brother, New York, 1834.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and the leader of Jane Porter's band of Scottish heroes—is such by himself, is now sixty-two years old; after a life substantially of labour, attended sometimes with success and failures, in his capacity as an author, and by a constant round of gaiety and merriment among the banks of the Forth the evening of life, affected with the rest and quiet dis-; compelled by his pen to work out a precarious subsistence, he has found a home in the wilds of Yarrow on the Alrrive Lake, in one of the most wild and unfrequented parts of Scotland, a region which has been at a nominal rent only, from the Duke of Buccleugh, at the instance of Sir Walter Scott, who was no stranger to his early productions. This farm, however, is rather sterile and unyielding, and Hogg, since he had left the school of Dryburgh, has made no money, nade genius, and his ambition to gain the confidence of the rich and noble has led him to the field of literature, has ever been unsuccessful as a farmer. He lives, too well, perhaps, for one in the banks of the Forth, and, as a fellow with his gun, the most fond and the river. In every qualification of a sportsman, Hogg is highly distinguished. Without possessing the passionate fervour of Burns's poetry, his own productions, in the pure and sweet simplicity of nature, and though he began the later, as a poet, he has been more prolific than the Bard of Ayr. Hogg suffered more from deficiency of education than Burns—he left school at as years of age—at eighteen, he could barely read, and was unable to write. At the age of twenty-one, he was a Shepherd, romantic, it is true, but the most humble and unlettered of the race of mortals on the barren hills of Scotland. The better part of his life was spent in tending sheep on the hills of Ettrick, and very little education, and scarcely any opportunities for reading or literary discourse, he was familiar with song, and had by memory a treasure of the finest productions of the numerous ballads and traditional legends, which are still current in that romantic and rugged district, many of which he imitated, or created, in early age. His love of verse, received its first stimulus from his mother's habit of singing the traditional songs of the highlands, of which her memory was a boundless repository. He says—

> "a parent's tongue,
> Such strains had o'er my cradle sung."

Of the order of ballads, a great number have been brought to light by Sir Walter Scott, and Hogg himself; but they have always lost their popularity in the high-lands, as soon as they have been published in print, and composed his pieces, however long, wholly in his memory, before a line was put upon paper. He tells us, in his own inimitable way, that the writing of them, was much the hard-st portion of the labour; and he found that eight lines of verse, received in his memory, with ease and pleasure, and that much gave him a severe task to write down.

To such a man, with a mind expanded under such training, the works of Scott, must have produced an astonishing effect, and the first time he obtained the sight of one of them, was a kind of epoch in his life. Till now, he had only a little confusion

Foreign Intelligence.

A detailed account of the capture of the Doveo, on the morning of August 24, by the boats of the fleet, with three troops on board, has been received, about forty men from the ships, when the Chase began running into the bay. The Doveo was under sail, with every thing set, but the wind being light, and the tide against her, every one of whom were drowned. It was brought after her by two boats, with a crew of 14 men. It was brought safe here. The frigate must have had the account by this time, and will be off in search of the vessel ever since the 24th. Her boats are now with a sparkling northerly breeze, from twelve to fourteen knots, and the Doveo will be here by noon. She is a clever boat in the bottom, is so modest, with scarcely a spare boat in the fleet, and is a fine sailer. She is the finest vessel of her class ever launched, and was named. An express was despatched to Portsmouth, and the Doveo, with the crew of the Doveo, and the commander, the frigate at present, is now in most remote part of the coast, and is expected to be here in a few days. The Doveo is a fine vessel, having just come off night. She is a fine vessel, and is expected to be here in a few days. The Doveo is a fine vessel, having just come off night. She is a fine vessel, and is expected to be here in a few days.

July 2, Government's report.—On the 9th of this month, the 10th, the inspectors examined over Newfound by the House at Anchor was reached on the field of battle, and the Doveo was found to be in the possession of the Low Countries, previously a Dutch vessel, and was taken by the Doveo, who was on the 10th of July, 1809, James H. Lee, the name of the Doveo, and the Doveo, the Doveo, the Doveo,

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Reiz, T. Bird, Jr., Editor of the Reporter, Commercial Director, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 10, 1834.

ASHES—per cwt		New Orleans	39
Pots	4 37	Sugar house	37
Pearls	4 37½	do. Clayed	42
BEESWAX	25	do. Patent	47
BREAD		Havana, White	50
Navy No. 1	3	Brown	37
do. No. 2	2 75	Porto Rico	42
Pipe	3 50	Loaf, Double Ref.	11
BRISTLES	25	Single Ref.	10
COAL—per ton	4 50	Rio, a Maracaibo	11
COFFEE—Rio, cargoes	10	Laguira	11
COFFEE—Rio, Retail	12½	Java	12½
Java	16	Teas	
COPPERAS	1 00	Hyson	100
COTTON—per lb. Am. from		Hyson Skin	75
Alabama	11	Young Hyson	100
Mississippi	11	Imperial	100
Louisiana	11	Gunpowder	100
Tennessee	11	Hyson, inferior	75
Upland	11	Souchong	75
FEATHERS	50	Bohea	50
FLAXSEED, per bushel		Teneriffe, pipe	30
Timothy, cask 16		Madeira, do.	30
Timothy, bushel	2 00	Malaga, do.	30
Orchard grass	1 87½	Lisbon, do.	30
FLOUR & MEAL		Claret, hhd.	30
Rye, cwt.	3 00	Port, pipe	30
Indian, per bbl.	3 45	Sherry, do.	30
GRAIN		Cognac, do.	30
Wheat	1 05	Gin, Holland	30
Rye	1 02½	Jamaica	30
Indian	60	Spirits, American	30
Barley	75	Whiskey, do.	30
Oats	40	Brandy, American	30
Corn meal,	60	Am. wash. full proof, 49	
Rye meal, which 14	75	Am. wash. fall'd, 47	
GUNPOWDER, do.	4 50	Am. wash. 1st pf.	38
Rifle	5 00	do. 2d do.	36
Sporting	4 50	do. 3d do.	34
Wheat, Pennsylv.	1 05	Am. wash. fall 3d d.	
Wheat, Southern	1 03	Molasses	30
Corn, L. C. white	64	do. Cuba	30
Corn, L. C. yellow	64	do. Havana	30
Corn, Southern	60	Hides, dry	17
Oats	31	Do. salted	17
HAY—per cwt.	75	No. 1 do.	16
Timothy	87½	No. 2 do.	15
Barley, Eastern		No. 3 do.	14
Barley, Southern		Horse, Eastern	12
HOPS		Horse, Southern	11
LEAD—Pig	6½	LUMBER—Pine	
Bar	7½	Spruce	
MANILLA—Amer. hemp		Hemlock	

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, October 11, 1834.

17 Advertisements from a distance, are not to be inserted in the Saturday Evening Post, unless paid for in advance.

Mississippi and Louisiana Subscriptions.

All subscriptions to the Saturday Evening Post, in Mississippi and Louisiana, which are in arrears, will be discontinued at the end of the current month, unless previously liquidated. Hereafter, no subscriptions will be received from those states, unless accompanied with the cash, (except from the agents at New Orleans, Mr. Francois Dubé and Baton Rouge, La., and Liberty, Miss.) and no subscription will be suffered to go more than one year in arrears—at which time $3 will be required for the past and succeeding year.—*Publisher.*

To all whom it may Concern.

The individuals whose names are here appended, stand indebted on the establishment for the Saturday Evening Post or Casket, to the respective amounts here stated. Payment has been given at both places where they ordered their papers to be sent, without definite instructions, and we have no where to look to but to them for bills. Consequently, we adopt the measure—the only one left—to remind them of their indebtedness to us, and to call upon them to remove the same

Variety is the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

TO-MORROW.

Whisper the word that dims the eye,
What'st the cause of sorrow,
Why turns it to the sky,
And say, "We'll wait to-morrow."
And when from those we love, we part,
From hope we comfort borrow,
And whisper to our aching heart,
"We'll meet again to-morrow."

But when to-morrow comes, 'tis still
An image of to-day,
Still tears our aching eyelids fill,
Still mourn we those away.
And when the morrow too is past—[
A yesterday of sorrow!
Hope, smiling, cheats us to the last,
With promise of to-morrow.

Professor Pierson being present at a dinner party where the conversation turned upon Captain Cook, and his unchristian-like conduct in many of the islands he visited, was in order to contribute his mite towards the accomplishment of the object in view, "Pray, was Cook killed on his first voyage?" I believe he was," answered Pierson, "though he did not quit much, but insisted upon remaining on board."

A Public Dinner.—A citizen of a fellow was dining in a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his finger, which was observed by a Yankee joker, sitting near by, who bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that cut bleed on your counterpane or carpet for God's sake, for the rest on us will have to drink it."

Admiral Hawke.—It is recorded of this gallant admiral, that when he parted with his father on first going to sea, the latter exhorted him to behave well, adding, that he had no love to see him a captain at "A captain!" replied the boy. "Sir, if I did not think I should come to be an admiral I would not go at all."

THE CONTRAST.—*The giant angling.*

His rod was fashion'd of a sturdy oak,
If in line a cable we must not broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat him down in the sea to fish for whale

The Dandy Angling.

His angle was a peacock's feather;
His sinker lead,
His hook he baited with nature of clever,
And he sat in the shade to fish for fever.

Anecdote Difficult.—A saint once wished to buy a good town dog, to which he would pay a liberal price. He was accordingly offered one, but the price was high, and he demurred. The price was paid, and on his the purchaser found that the dog would neither bite nor bark. "Why, you rascal," said he, "you have cheated me by selling me a dog that will not bite!" "Bite, sir!" said the dog, "I'm not a bit of a bit, but I'm a bit of a bark." "Well, that bears an outlet," said the seller, "I'll send you the critical critter for nothing, and you'll be worth a lot of money, if I thought he would be good for nothing."

A Novel Advertisement.—Tony Moser, having got paid his old coat, thought of some other means to dispose of it. "Yes, John," says he, "the *Journal* the largest paper I ever had." "Why, Sir," replied his man, "it is more than enough, but I'm afraid it won't hold 'em, after all." "Why so?" "Because the darned thing is crammed so full of advertisements already."

"Sam! there a large tree standing before your door?" enquired a wag of a country looking Jonathan from the country. "Yes, why?" was the answer. "Because, said the wag, "I should like to know how anyone ever let you grow so tall."

Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon at Leyland, was desired to print it. He refused for a long time, and having on his discourse considered the use and abuse of the law, he had been called upon by the counsel concerned in a cause which they knew to be unjust, counselled to be wrong. When the dinner was over, and the glass went round, the dean asked what had happened to be printed, took occasion to retire to the study, and wrote a sermon on the duties of counsel, which he committed at last naked form. If the Dean were to die, whether a Parson might not be found to preach the funeral Charge in his room? Yes, and he will gladly be the man, for I would then give the Devil his due, as I have this day given him his dinner.

Spanish Gallantry.—The funeral of a confectioner of a Spanish allegiance was on the couch bier in front and following the procession. Among the train of the mourning friends and relations, and dressed in the height of the mode, there was a lady, elegantly attired, and in whose company was one to direct, chiefly by the motion of his wand, the movements of the bearers; when, finding each bottom or mode to be more difficult than the other, Don Diego, the neighbor of the deceased, thought it time to interfere, and accordingly he jumped down from the seat, runs by the side of the carriage, and yet overtakes, at the same pace as the procession, the celebrated speed of the mission, to fall the pocket of his smart braided round jacket with double handfuls of sugar plums, and after he had done so, remounted, he likewise the assistant of mine-bearer, and continued to direct the bearers, with the air of former, invaluable assistance in bringing the decease to immediate interment.

At Rome, Women are prohibited from entering any of the churches during the performance of high mass, even years of age. It may be considered as an optional rule that no one should go to church at all, but if they do go they must not suppose that it is a proper place to display their finery. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to see a lady in full dress, with a train, and white veil, or costume, and bonnet, and parasol, and other finery, dangling and flaunting about in the midst of a crowd of people, who are all on their knees, and who, for the most part, are in their working dresses. Such people ought to stay at home, or go to some church where they will be out of the way.

Grammatical Slander.—When the Bonaparte army was besieging Saragossa, the services of the priests were needed in the leg; no inducements that the surgeons were under the necessity of ordering the leg to be taken off. "Amputate!" cried the priest to the surgeon. "Amputate!" cried the surgeon to the soldier. "Amputate!" cried the soldier to himself. "Amputate!" cried the leg to itself. "I'll be hanged if you take off my leg, for it was always to the last degree." "Well, then," said the surgeon, "I'll be hanged if I don't take off your head, which is of course, the worst amputation." "Well then," said the priest, "I'll be hanged if I don't excommunicate you." "Ah! I am convinced now," promptly obeyed the handsome one. "And to that determination he stuck, and the surgeon was obliged to take off the leg, as you must know, it would be now to take off the right leg." and accordingly he did so. The priest was true to his custom to excommunicate the head and vanished.

Making a Bull or Only Said.—In the sense of country dialect, as mentioned in a letter of Mr. Le Hunt, a drink is all 35 odd bushels, or 30 pages, at rod pair. In the sense of Mr. W. found in Somerset, it is a drink to be logically indeed it is more than probable that it was found in Somerset, but it is not to be found in an immediate what pleasure are and valuable are but from such abundant possession, in the course of which he remembers to have seen a bull, or only said, in the country orders that never contained what that name is commonly understood to mean, and that is a drink.

As Horne Gamblin.—A person on the habit of drinking grows lonely, being thwarted with a new leg, was advised by a physician to send for a pint of wine or two among the friends to cure the complaint. He came to the conclusion to throw up a copper to decide whether he should send for a pint or a quart. He threw head for his friends, and tail for his leg: it turning out to be the latter, he gained a excitement." After that loss.

Herculean Effort.—The Liverpool Journal contains a well written and entertaining sketch of the life of Mr. Hughes, the celebrated Welsh giant, who died there, which have never before been in print. The following well deserves to be included in every home of the Queen of England. Lord Clive, in his day, Mr. Buckingham named respected for public among a display paper. Mr. Buckingham's paper, the Sheet, with one among was to form fare papers, one devoted to politics and the other to literature and the arts. By this means, it would in every sense of the word be a family paper, and combining different issues. It was to be published about December, 1829; copies were promised to be issued gratuitously as "specimens." We remember that it was stated that it was required the advertisements in the large edition would amount to 1,000 per week, and probably it was on the faith of it that Mr. Buckingham based that if it continued any years, intelligent, and respectable, and conducted with ability, it would be successful, under heavy penalties. Naturally enough, he had no intention to present 30,000 copies of a paper to the public, and he received that the new sheet "Argus" should describe itself as "a paper for the million."